

Ere man has measured half his weary stage,  
 His luxuries have left him no reserve,  
 No maiden relishes, unbroach'd delights;  
 On cold-served repetitions he subsists,  
 And in the tasteless present chews the past;  
 Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down:  
 Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years  
 Have disinherited his future hours,  
 Which starve on orts, and glean their former field.

Live ever here, LORENZO!—Shocking thought!  
 So shocking, they who wish, disown it too;  
 Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.  
 Live ever in the womb, nor see the light!  
 For what live ever here?—With labouring step  
 To tread our former footsteps? pace the round  
 Eternal? to climb life's worn, heavy wheel,  
 Which draws up nothing new? to beat and beat  
 The beaten track? to bid each wretched day  
 The former mock? to surfeit on the same,  
 And yawn our joys? or thank a misery  
 For change, though sad? to see what we have seen?  
 Hear, till unheard, the same old slabber'd tale?  
 To taste the tasted, and at each return  
 Less tasteful? o'er our palates to decant  
 Another vintage? strain a flatter year,  
 Through loaded vessels, and a laxer tone?  
 Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits!  
 Ill-ground, and worse concocted! load, not life!  
 The rational foul kennels of excess!

Still-streaming thoroughfares of dull debauch!  
 \* Trembling each gulp, lest death should snatch the bowl.

Such of our fine ones is the wish refined—  
 So would they have it: elegant desire!  
 Why not invite the bellowing stalls and wilds?  
 But such examples might their riot awe.  
 Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,  
 Though on bright thought they father all their flights,  
 To what are they reduced? to love and hate  
 The same vain world; to censure and espouse  
 This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool  
 Each moment of each day; to flatter bad  
 Through dread of worse; to cling to this rude rock,  
 Barren, to them, of good, and sharp with ills,  
 And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,  
 And infamous for wrecks of human hope—  
 Scared at the gloomy gulph that yawns beneath.  
 Such are their triumphs! such their pangs of joy!

'Tis time, high time to shift this dismal scene:  
 This hugg'd, this hideous state what art can cure?  
 One only, but that one what all may reach,  
 Virtue—she, wonder-working goddess! charms  
 That rock to bloom, and tames the painted shrew;  
 And what will more surprise, LORENZO! gives  
 To life's sick nauseous iteration, change;  
 And straitens nature's circle to a line.  
 Believest thou this, LORENZO? lend an ear,  
 A patient ear, thou'lt blush to disbelieve.

A languid leaden iteration reigns,  
 And ever must, o'er those whose joys are joys

